Dasking in peace in the warm spring sun, South Hill smiled upon Burlington. The breath of May! and the day war fair, And the bright motes danced in the balt

And the sunlight gleamed where the Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple

His beardless cheek with a smile was spe As he stood with carriage whip in hand; And he laughed as he doffed his bob-tailed And the echoing folds of the carpet smote; But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck And she said the carpet wasn't done.

Then all that day, and the next day, too, The fuzz from the dirtiess carpet flew. And she'd give it a look at eventide, And say: "Now beat on the other side."

And his face was shadowed with clouds

Over the fence and down the street, Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

For never yet since that bright spring-time Had it ever been taken down from the line Over the fence a gray-haired man Cautiously elim, clome, clem, clum, clamb,

And he hit it a most resounding whack, Till the startled air gave his echoes back, And out of the window a white face leaned, And a paisied hand the pale face screened. She knew his face, she gasped and sighed:"A little more on the under side."

And he shivered and said: "Well I

PEGGY'S TRIAL.

Peggy was out in the orehard picking up apples. They were summer apples
—yellow, crisp and so ripe that they
would crack open just as easy! And
some of them had grown so fast and so
freshly after the late showers, that they
were full of water at the core! Fine, were full of water at the core! Fine, juicy apples and a clear, bright morning are enough to make any little girl happy. No wonder Peggy sang. And Peggy could sing very well, indeed. She had never been taught, but that didn't seem to make any difference. She began to sing even before she could talk—a sort of pleasant little humming, that would make her grandles say that would make her grandma say, "She will make a cheerful woman!" But Peggy was getting to be quite a young lady; and in the morting when

our story opens, she was singing gayly a pretty little song she had learned at school. The happier she became the louder she sang; and her voice rang out through the sunny orchard until the rose in a clover-head, sometimes mak-ing a little mask on Peggy's upturned ing a little mask on Peggy's upturned face, almost as if they would like to kiss her white forchead. I suppose it was the breeze sweeping softly among the branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up the last tempting-looking globe, when she saw something sparkle very brilliantly in the grass. Stooping quickly, but not ceasing in her song, she picked up the shining thing, and looking at it in amazement, became dumb with surprise. It was a lovely diamond ring! in amazement, became dumb with sur-prise. It was a lovely diamond ring! Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, eight glowing, bewitch-ing bits of color and shine, reflecting Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, eight glowing, bewitching bits of color and shine, reflecting the trees and the sky, the apples and the clover. She could see every shade of the rainbow in the precious jewel, and she was almost wild with delight. She slipped it on her finger, looking at it first in this way, and then in that. She could hardly take her eyes from it. "Well," said she, "I am so glad!" Just then, "Peggy! Peggy!" came pleasantly from the house. "I must go," said she to herself. "Grandma is calling. What will she say to this? Why, she will say it is not mine, and that I must not keep it. I know she will! But it is mine. I found it in our orchard, and I know it is mine. I will keep it. I never had so lovely a thing before, and I mean to keep it." Peggy said this to herself out loud, and shook her head hard. Then she put the ring in her little pocket, and, picking up the basket, started for the house. "I will not tell her yet," she said to herself. "I will think it over." ing up the basket, started for the house.
"I will not tell her yet," she said to
herself. "I will think it over."

When she got to the great, breezy kitchen, her dear grandma was "up to her ears in flour"—as she herself would have expressed it—making pies. "Oh!" said she, with a cheery laugh, when Peggy came in, tugging the heavy basket along in both hands, "my little 'help' has arrived. I am going to make a turn-over for my help." But, Peggy, what is the matter? What has happened? Are you unhappy, dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Peggy, rather sullenly, "I'm not." And then she blushed. She thought to herself: "I wonder if it shows right in my face, that Grandma can see something has happened? I don't believe I am very happy, either. I don't feel so glad as I did."

On the first opportunity she ran upstairs and hid the ring in her own little chest. It had a till in it—just the cunningest place to hide any little object! When she tucked it away, she again almost kissed the beautiful stones—they were so like leicles and sunsets, and everything pretty and fairy-like she had ever dreamed of.

She was eleven years old and had

She was eleven years old, and had been quite a reader. She knew that diamonds were very valuable, and had even read in her "Child's Philosophy of Little Things" of what they were com-posed, and how difficult it was to obtain them. "I have a fortune of my own "I have a fortune of my own she said to herself, as she shut

ing out of the hall-window with a strange sort of stare. Before her spread the summer scene. The old wind-mill swung its great sails about lazily. Robins and sparrows chirped and twittered busily. The old-fash-foned garden, with its troop of berbs and flowers, its shrubs and bushes, half clipped, half straggling, sent up a subtle fragrance, and ever and anon the little brook could be heard rippling over the stones by the bridge, where she had so many times waded and "I wan to make you a little present, to show my grattinde. Here are ten dollars, and I can not say how very thankful I am to you for being so honest and good."

"I was not honest at all," said Peggy, whose flaming cheeks and excited eyes made her look very pretty, indeed. "I thank you very much, but I don't want any present. I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, though," she added; and, having taken give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors,

"Why, Peggy, you must be sick, dear. You have been crying, I am sure," said her toving grandmother, immediately. "Or, are you unhappy? Come to me, child, and tell me all about Do! I know I can help my little

"Grandma," said Peggy, pettishly,
"I have only a headache. I have
nothing to tell." ("That was not she added to herself, with the justice and severity of a judge.) Peg-gy was no Ignorant wrong doer. She knew as well as you and I do, dear reader, that she was going away from all the pure and good things which she had ever been taught. Just then a neighbor came in. Her name was Mrs. Smart. She always knew all the news of the neighborhood just as soon as it happened—sometimes before!

for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran and how she made the driver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; and even how she could not sing a she stood by the window that morning.

But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill "They've had a great time up to the

boardin' house," said she. Now, grandma did not like to listen to the stories which Mrs. Smart was so apt to tell. She knew that very often they turned out to be false, and in any case they were gossip. Every school-girl and school-boy knows what gossip is. When you gray is. When you grow up I hope you will not get to be like Mrs. Smart. If you do, you will pry and peek and ask questions, and hint around until you find some little thing that you can twist into a story against somebody—(never for anybody, be sure of that!)—and then you will go from house to house to tell the evil thing you have imagined, thus doing in-jury to innocent people, and meddling with matters which do not concern

"Yes," said Mrs. Smart, "they've had a great time up there. One of the fine ladies has lost her diamond ring. It was stolen from her by a chamber-maid. Poor gyur!! I do pity her, if she is a thief! There she sits a-cryin'! The lady knows it was that gyurl, for she was the last person in the room, and the lady is sure that she left her ring on the bureau, and when she came up to breakfast it was gone, and the gyurl herself said nobody else had been in the room! They've searched her trunks and can't find nothin', but they made such a fuss that Mr. Laird has discharged the poor thing, and she's

What lady was it?" questioned Grandma, for she was quite interested.
"Twas that Miss Dulcimer that was down here a-trujn' to buy your chiney tother day. She feels very badly, too! 'Twas her mother's ring, and folks say 'twas worth four hundred dollars!"

Peggy trembled with excitement, but her voice was pretty calm as she said:
"Which way did she go home from
here, Grandma? Was it while I was at "Yes; it was day before yesterday,

in the afternoon. She went up to the boarding-house through the orchard,

a-tellin' how she never done no such thing; but you never can tell! Those

"Yes; in the stage-why, I hear it now-good-bye. I'm agoin' to see how she takes it when she goes!" Peggy sprang up-stairs like a deer.

went straight to her chest.

Through the window came the rumble of the stage, nearer and nearer. In a minute or two it would reach the boardand run down-stairs. Her grandma called: "Where are you going?" but she dashed like a whirlwind through the kitchen, cleared the two steps at a bound, and went up the road like a flash. How she ran! Her heart beat like a trip-hammer, but her ears were wide open to catch the sound of the stage. Round the corner, by the end of the orehard, she still kept on; but just

as she came in front of the trim eroquet-ground, she saw the stage start off from the door. After it she sped with all her might. The summer boarders were all collected in front of the house. Mrs. Smart was by the road, watching the last tears of

might, and, as she had almost reached the stage, the driver heard, and brought his horses to a standstill. "Which is the girl?" said Peggy, breathlessly, adding, as she caught sight of the poor maid: "Here's the ring! You must get out and go back! You must! I found it. I'll tell them.

The girl gave a cry of joy, and imme-

But Peggy did not notice anything of this. She was thinking: "I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, feel like singing; but I can't, I won't, give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors, and the owner will be found and claim it. It is not the owner," any more and the owner will be found and claim
it. It is not the owner's any more.
They should not have lost it. I found
it, and now it is mine. I don't care if
I can't sing. I can look at my ring
whenever I please." Upon this she began to cry as though her heart would
break, just to prove how happy she
was in doing wrong. But in a few
minutes she brushed away her tears,
for she was a resulted little girl, and for she was a resolute little girl, and had come up the hill; but this time she went down stairs. was not anxious or unhappy. She no-ticed the sweet smell of a bed of mign-opettes in the door-yard, and heard one of her doves "co-roo, co-roo" on the roof as she went in. Grandma met her, looking worried and troubled, gy," said she, rather severely,

strangely you act this morning. is the matter with you?" Then Peggy put her arms around her grandma's neck, and told her every-thing about it—how she had found the ring and was bound to keep it, and felt so wicked, and then was so frightened for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran and how she made the deliver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; "But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill

as happy and free as any bird's. "Yes, dear," said Grandma, with s smile, "you can sing even more happily than ever, for you have learned to-day what a terrible thing it is to carry, even for one moment the sense that you are doing wrong, and also the peace that comes from resisting temp-tation and obeying the voice of con-

science. And when, next morning, Peggy went out into the orchard to pick up some more apples, she sang as blithely as ever, and had not a sad thought in her mind .- St. Nicholas.

The Plaster Puzzle.

I have known instances where plaster sown on clover in irregular streaks showed its effect as far as one could see the field; where an application of two hundred pounds per acre no doubt made a gain of one ton of hay per acre. On other fields and other soils twice that quantity had no perceptible effect and it apparently was thrown away. No one can forecast results by looking at the soil, or by any other means; practi-cal test is the one and only way. I have sometimes sown early in spring on clo ver, and then again when the plants were four or five inches high, and though it is a dirty job. I prefer to have the work done in the dewy morning Apply at the rate of about two hundred ounds per acre, and if all at once pu it on broadcast by hand, or by plaster-sower, about the time the plants begin to cover the ground, and leave plots here and there all over the field without any, and one year will tell plainly whether it will pay on your soil.

For corn it should be put on the hills when the plants are two or three inches high. Take it in a bag over one shoulhigh. der, or in a pail on the left arm, and with a little practice you can pick up with the thumb and fingers the right quantity for a hill, and by timing step and motion of hand you soon get to go as fast as you can walk. Some take out through the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass actually seemed to dance about with pleasure, and chase each other, first this way and then that, sometimes hitting a golden apple, sometimes darkening the rose in a clover-head, sometimes makes and control of the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass because it was cooler, she said."

"Well," said Mrs. Smart, "I must go, for I want to see that guilty gyurl off. She was a-sittin' in the kitchen cryin' as 'f her heart would break, and one season will tell very clearly whether or not plaster will pay on that kind of soil—though this fact should be borne in mind, that plaster has much more and a much better effect in some easons than in others. In a season quite dry, with frequent and light showers, plaster has always given me the

best results. But the fact should be remembered that plaster is in no sense a manure, and n and of itself has little or no value as plant-food. Just how it helps we can not say, and yet the fact is indisputable that on certain plants on certain soils it does exert a wonderful influence, especially on clover, peas, potatoes and sometimes corn. Since, however, it is not a ma-nure, but a stimulant, any increase of crop by its use only so much more and so much faster impoverishes our land, and unless we follow such a system of farming that we put back in real plant-food as much greater amount than ordion certain plants on certain soils it does farming that we put back in real plant-food as much greater amount than ordi-nary as we remove in the increased crop, we shall find that we are none the richer for using plaster, but have only drawn our deposit from the bank so much the sooner. But by so farming that we use the increased crop of clover or other plants to feed the more stock and to make the more manure, then the application of plaster will be one of the ans to profit .- J. S. Woodward, in N. Y. Tribune.

- Hair-Dressing.

High coiffures are again in vogue, though the low coil on the nape of the neck is by no means abandoned. For those who wear the high Elizabethan ruffs, and others to whom it is becoming, the hair is now arranged in two small coils high on the crown that seem to emerge from the French twist below. The front middle hair is drawn back from the forehead to these coils, while on the temples are irregularly curved locks of short hair. One or two shell pins shaped like large hair-pins may be thrust through the high coils for general wear; on dress occasions an algrette or two short ostrich tips may be worn high on the left side, or there may be pins set with jewels or with Rhine stones. Young ladies who have the low broad Greek forehead adopt the severe style of drawing the hair straight back, and brushing smoothly to the coil behind, showing the contour of the head, and omitting all shading of locks above the brow. If the face is a long oval, the high forehead needs to be partly covered, and the hair is drawn back more loosely, and allowed to droop slightly in front. The bang is worn shorter than it formerly was, and may be very thick and straight, or else slightly waived. Very full and fluffy bangs are also worn in an exaggerated fashion that is unbecomming and most untidy-looking. The invisible net that formerly flattened the hair above the forehead is now little used, bandoline is abandoned, the curls are loose and unconfined, and the hair has its natural gloss heightened by much brushing instead of by use of pomades. Very little false hair is worn. Short switches are arranged in coils, or perhaps in a bow, but are seldom braided or formed in puffs. Occasionally short curls are added just back of the ears, or low on locks of short hair. One or two shell pins shaped like large hair-pins may be thrust through the high coils for gen-eral wear; on dress occasions an aiby the road, watching the last tears of the unfortunate maid; some fashionable city children, whom Peggy had always feared, and almost disliked, because they were so "airy," as she called it, were right in her path; but she went after the stage as if her life depended on it. "Whoa!" she cried. "Stop! Whoa! Driver! Stop!" ("Oh, dear!"—under her breath—"I can never make him hear. I can; I will!") "Stop!" she screamed, this time with all her little might, and, as she had almost reached

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Thomas McElrath, Horace Greeley's first partner in the publication of the Tribune, is said to be writing a history

—The sixteen daughters of a Mary-land ex-Congressman have the reputa-tion of being the handsomest ladies in the State. One of them—the first of sixteen—was married recently.

—Mr. R. V. Gurney claims that he and Mr. Charles H. McKenzie, both of New York City, are the only known survivors in this country of the gallant six hundred who made the charge at Balaklava, October 25, 1854.—N. Y. Sun

cadet who acquired notoriety three years ago in connection with a charge of havng mutilated his cars while at West Point, is now filling a Professor's chair in the Avery Institute, at Charleston, S -Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, was

sailing down the harbor on his way to Europe, to attend his sick daughter, when a cable dispatch was received announcing that she was better. The good news could not be communicated o him. - Boston Transcript.

—The late Charles W. Foster is said to have been completely absorbed for a dozen years past in the political fortunes of his son, the Governor of Ohio. His ruling passion had been to see him made Chief Executive of the Nation, and he was often heard to say: "Could I but see Charles President I would die happy."-Cleveland Leader.

In his new volume on American dies Mr. Freeman, the historian, makes the following observation on an-cient wooden churches that came in his way while he was here: 'I have seen old-fashioned wooden churches in America for whose details of course there was nothing to say, but whose general effect was a good deal more venerable than that of an ancient English church on which a modern architect has been let loose to play his tricks." On the whole, it is thought in England that Mr. Freeman enjoyed his American tour.—
N. Y. Herald.

-John B. McMaster, author of the new "History of the People of the United States," was born at Brooklyn, L. I., June 29, 1852. His grandfather was Robert Bach, a prominent Brook-lyn merchant in the days when that city numbered 16,000 souls. His father was numbered 16,000 souls. His father was James McMaster, a native of New York State, and, till the war opened, a banker and planter at New Orleans. Mr. McMaster's early years were spent in New York. Here he was educated in the public schools, and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1872.—N. Y. Times.

HUMOROUS.

-A Nabob-Shaking one's head in

the negative.

-"Not hang our murtherers. Be jabers! I should like to see the spalpeen that murthered me hung twice."—Judy. -In the good old times the girls could change color in a moment, and very sweet it was, too. Nowadays it takes them half an hour-and longer, for all we know. —"Aw, I bev such a dwedful cawld in me head," remarked an Ivy street dude, as he stroked the tender tip of his nose

yesterday. "Better that than nothing," was the witty but cruel response of a Peachtree maiden who heard him.-Boston Post. —A romping four-year-old boy had been denied some trilling gratification by his mother, but it did not seem so

trifling to him as to her. So, striking an attitude before her, he said, with the utmost gravity: "Mother, were you -Castle Garden aristocracy: They were boasting about ancestry. "My forefathers," said John, "came over from England on the Mayflower." "And my ancestry," said Pat, "kim

over from Quanestown on the Sunflow-It's æsthetle, I am, begorra."-N. Y. Journal. -An old colored preacher in Atlan-

cents, too, venn I don't got any." N. Y. News.

—Language.—Tommy: "What does grain fed to pigs upon pasture that is 'I beg your pardon' mean?" Aunt: "It required to produce the winter growth, is a form of apology, my dear. For inis a form of apology, my dear. For instance, if I were to knock up against you by mistake, I should apologize by saying: 'I beg your pardon.''' Tommy: 'Oh, mother wouldn't say that! She'd say: 'Get out, yer young warmint, or I'll fetch ye sich a slap o' the head you war after word in the say that the say the say the say that the say that the say that the say that the say head yer own father won't know ye from a twopenny 'bus.' "—Judy.

—"I un'erstands dat yer wants ter hire a gen'leman to clean out yer well?" said a negro to an Arkansas Colonel. "No, I only want a man to clean out the well." "Wall, de man what me must hab made a mistake. Would like mighty well ter git a job, case dar ain't nuthin' in der house ter eat. Certain yer doan want a gen'le-man, is yer?" "No. The work I want done requires a man." "Wall, good day, boss, sorry dat we can't make a trade."-Arkansaw Traveler.

A Bear Which Snored.

John H. Kelly, of Brighton, gives the following story of a recent adventure:
"I have a farm of open and wood land in the township of Ditton, Canada, and go there occasionally to look after my interests. During the early part of last veek I was there and went out alone on

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN

—A writer in the New York Tribune rives this good advice in two words how o cure an egg-esting hen—"eat her." Broiled potatoes: Parboil large po-tatoes, peel and cut them into thick slices. Broil the slices on a gridiron over a clear fire until brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish with pepper,

salt and butter.—Toledo Blade.

—It is stated that by spreading salt on the ground under plum trees as far out as the branches extend, a good crop is often secured, as it interferes with the operations of the curculio. The same application is good for bark lice.

—It is now suggested that a few to bacco plants can be grown advanta geously among cabbages. In fact, farm ers who have tried it insist that a good crop of cabbages can be grown in this way, where not a sound head has been seen for two or three years .- Chicag Journal.

—Curtains are draped much higher than they used to be. It is no longer considered essential that they shall meet low down, but it is good form to tie them back so that one may look out of the window, or so that a small table may be placed close to the window.-N. Y. Post.

-- President J. M. Smith, of the Wis consin Horticultural Society, is reported by the Michigan Farmer as saying he is satisfied it pays to pick off all strawberry blossoms from new plantations the first senson, "thus keeping the entire strength and growth of the plant within itself, and preparing it to yield the largest possible crop the following

year. -A correspondent writes the Country Gentleman that not long ago he noticed among a flock of ducks that some were so paralyzed as to lose all power of lo comotion and lie flat on the ground with both feet thrown up. On examination he discovered that the ones thus affected were literally swarming with verming which infested their heads and necks. He at once applied lard to the affected parts, and in less than an hour the ducks were on foot, and to all appear ances sound and well.

-To clean musty feathers proceed a follows: Turn them into a barrel and cover them with hot water; leave them soak for an hour covered with a blanket to keep in the heat; in the mean time make a pailful of strong soap-suds pour off the water from the feathers and put on the water from the leathers and put on fresh boiling water; add to it the soap and a teacupful of ammonia; stir well for half an hour until the feathers are well washed; then drain off the dirty water and put in clean boiling water and repeat; drain and spread the feathers to dry upon a sheet in an airy room.

—Continental Magazine.

Summer Management of Pigs.

Every farmer should make the best use of his resources. Grass is a cheap food for pigs, and a most healthy and profitable diet. Much of the profit on pigs must come from a proper use of grass as summer food. Some have exgrass as summer food. Some have expressed very grave doubts whether pigs can be fed at a profit in pen all their lives, but we do not think there is any doubt about it. For, if the best feeding will not pay for the food given pigs, then they are the state of the st will not pay for the food given pigs, then they must be considered unprofitable animals—a position wholly untenable, as it has been abundantly proved that the pig is the best utilizer of food on the farm. We fully believe in the use of grass for pigs; and, if obliged to keep pigs constantly in pen, would carry the grass to them, purely as a matter of health, but better health will make better thrift. We know that pigs will pay a profit when every pound of food from the first to the last day of their lives is charged at the market price. But this charged at the market price. But this requires full feeding, with due regard to every precaution for health.

If these doubters mean that the pi an not be fed, at a profit, wholly upo concentrated food, we shall not disput he conclusion. But it is not difficul to give pigs the benefit of grass or other green food in pen.

We fully believe in the economy fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance." "Yes, divine, "an' it's when a boy gits a whippin' for goin' to a ball." "He will be slow, although a healthy Customer (to grocer): "How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents, replied the grocer. "Why, how's that: Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you py ov Jones, denn?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Yell, I vill sell dem for dwen ty cents, too, venn I don't got any." with grain, the profit is largely if no entirely lost. One-half or one-third of the

It should be remembered that the grass will give the food of support, be sides some food of production, and the grain added will go wholly to production or profit. Whereas, if this extra growth is delayed till winter, it will take as much extra food to keep up animal heat without growth as it would to have produced the extra growth in

warm weather. It is therefore, quite evident that pig should be pushed rapidly forward in summer, when everything is favorable for the most rapid and healthy growth. --National Live Stock Journal.

Hitting the T'other Leg.

A great number of horses are in the habit of brushing one leg against the t'other, and a deal of ingenuity has been at different times exercised in been at different times exercised in search of a remedy for this often very troublesome practice. Both the fore legs and the hind legs are subject to it, the latter, perhaps, most frequently; but in them it is confined to the fetlock joint; whereas, in the fore legs, the horse may hit either the fetlock, the leg just above the pasterns, or just under just above the pasterns, or just under the knee, where it is called a speedy cut, from its occurring chiefly during the fast action. It is desirable, before applying a remedy, to ascertain, if pos-sible, the cause, and the part which strikes, whether the shee or the foot, and, if the latter, what part of it Many horses interfere from weakness and cease to do so when they gain strength and condition. This is more particularly observable with fast horses. Others do so from a faulty conformation of the limbs, which are sometimes to close to each other; and sometimes the toe is turned too much out, or too much in. When the toe is turned in the hors usually strikes under the knee. The objects to be kept in view in shoeing such horses must be to remedy, as much as we can, the faulty action, and to reas we can, the faulty action, and to re-move, if possible, the part which strikes. The part of the foot which strikes is between the toe and the inside quarter; sometimes the inside quarter itself, but very rarely the heels of the shoe. If the horse turns his toe in it is very probable that he wears the inside of the shoe most; and if so, it should be made much thicker than the outside; if the contrary, the outside heel should be thicker than the inside. The shoe should be leveled off on the inside The girl gave a cry of joy, and immediately got out of the stage.

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The she begin is a bow, but are seldom braided or formed a friver. "You must put my trunk down, ever so many beautiful ring I can buy the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, ever so many beautiful ring I can buy the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, ever so many beautiful ring I can buy the said in the for I shall not go. They will all see I did not steal the ring now!" and, as he complied with her order, she clasped in coils, or perhaps in a bow, but are seldom braided or formed the key. "Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, ever so many beautiful ring I can buy the said the ring to the nack of the ears, or low on the marks of his claws on my legs and driver, "you must put my trunk down, ever so many beautiful ring I can buy the said the ring the marks of his claws on my legs and the marks of his claws on my legs and the my Canadian friend at his more transported in puffis. Occasionally short curls are such that the marks of his claws on my legs and the marks of his claws on my legs and the marks of his claws on my legs and the marks of his claws on my legs and the marks of his claws on my legs and the

—A number of sportsmen have had constructed at Albany a floating cottage for use on Saratoga Lake the coming season. The building is of wood, one story high and rests upon a float. The walls are made in sections and united with heavel. with hinges. There are two rooms, and beneath the floor a tank in which to keep captured fish. - Troy (N. Y.)

A stand fell down with a crash, A number of men it did mash, But the entire ten Vere soon well again-St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth. Went crazy one night with a tooth, He rubbed the gum boil, With St. Jacobs Oil, It cured him, and this is the truth.

It cured him, and this is the truth.

When the old man came in Friday morning the religious editor said: "Si, I understand you played three-card monto with a Cincinnati faker down at the freight depot yesterday?" "Well, no, sah. He jess buck'd 'gin me wunce an' den 'pear'd fer hab er 'gagement sumwhar lise!" Did you beat him!" "Oh, no, sah! I nebber beats noboddy. But he flung he little Jim Crow kyards roun' dar an 'low noboddy kin pick up de rooster kyard-an' I tuck him!" "For how much?" "Moughty leetle, fur he oney had fo' dollars." "Did you win it!" "Well, I wuxn't 'long wid Marse Ellick in de Mexikan wah jess ter fite san'-flies! An' I eney laks er dollar dis mawnin' er bein' able ter settle dat fibe dollar street tax—an' ef dere's enny gemman roun' hyar wants ter mingle three kyards fer er dollar —I'se hyar!" Nobody responded, and we doubt whether the street tax has yet been paid.—Georgia Major.

Palpitations of the Heart.

Coming on at uncertain intervals; shortness of breath, and a sert of dry cough are not unfrequent symptoms of dyspepsia, and tend to confirm melancholy impressions. Gastrine, remedy for indigestion, gives in stant relief.

When a divorced woman transfers her children to her husband, could you call it a legal transparency.—Burlington Free Press.

Dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, Worth's Dispressary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Your presents are better than your company," exclaimed a young lady who had been receiving handsome gifts from an obnexious lover.

"Golden Medical Discovery" for all acrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

LAWYERS are about the only class of me who successfully oppose a "woman's will.

- Springfield (O.) News. RHEUMATISM, disordered blood, general

debility, and many chronic diseases pro-nounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters."

"Stories urn and animated bust"—Telling a lie for one dollar and getting drunk on the proceeds.

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BITTER reflection by an industrious and frugal mendicant: "Here I am—I've been a beggar for twenty years, and I ain't rich yet."—Paris Wit. Gienn's Sulphur Soap Is used in Hospitals as a disinfecting agent. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

"Surety, you've not washed this morning, Tommy?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late last night that I didn't think I required it."—London Punch.

PAIRFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. J. L. Myers says:
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years of practice." A WELL-KNOWN literateur and humorist modestly says that his chief literary ac-quirements are the books he has borrowed and never returned.

I was troubled with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times and had discharges from my cars, besides being unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health. C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa. See advertisement.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy, and he was immediately awarded a

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. GREEN apples will soon be here; but, in the meantime, the small boy can continue playing with the toy pistol.

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| New York, May 21, 1883. | New York, May 21, 1883. | WHEAT—Hed Winter | 1 1914 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 294 | 1 29 MUSTANG ATTLE OATS-No. 1. CHEESE-Cho CHEESE—Choice Factory...
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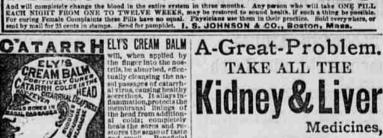
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